Jeeves and Wooster/Supernatural, Jeeves & Castiel, Before angels admitted to walking the earth, they went under a code name. They called themselves "The Agency."

PG, angel!Jeeves, AU of Season Five of SPN. I could probably make this a longer fic - I mean, Jeeves has a backstory in this AU. And I have a theory. But no. Maybe later. Eitherhoo, I wrote it as a gift for **jabber_moose** to make her day better.

Jeeves stood by the window, looking down at the parking lot. It wasn't difficult to figure out which vehicle belonged to the vessels - from what he had observed of Dean Winchester, the black Chevrolet was the obvious choice.

Jeeves didn't turn immediately when he heard the ruffle of wings signaling the arrival of another angel. Instead he watched ordinary people get into their nondescript cars and leave as the minutes ticked past.

"Jeeves," he heard Castiel say, and so he turned around.

"Good evening, Castiel," He said, hands still clasped behind his back, voice calm.

"Why are you here?" Castiel asked, and Jeeves could see how tense he was - how wary he was. Jeeves thought back to the reports Zachariah had given him about Castiel and his rebellion, but the reports did not match the angel in front of him.

Castiel was dangerous, yes, but it wasn't due to any Falling on his part. Jeeves saw a fierce protector of the Winchesters, and intense desire to remain alive, and the resignation to fight if it was required of him.

"I am not here to interfere, Castiel, but instead to observe." Jeeves said neutrally. "Zachariah is hoping that I will destroy you and retrieve Dean Winchester."

"Zachariah will not take Dean Winchester."

"If he's hoping that Dean Winchester will agree to become a vessel, then he is gravely mistaken," Jeeves said. "This will not stand."

He could see how Castiel wasn't sure of what he meant, or of what he was offering, if anything, so he went on.

"If you would allow it, I would provide you three with sufficient wards as to prevent any angel or demon from finding you through supernatural means." Jeeves paused. "However, as I am here to observe, I would need to send another angel to deliver these wards. Do you trust my word that any angel I send will not harm you?"

It was perhaps a testament to his reputation that Castiel nodded without making any demands.

Jeeves wasn't entirely sure he deserved that reputation, but it would do. "I will send the messenger along within a day, Castiel."

Then he was gone in a flutter of wings.

Jeeves, as one of the few angels who were permitted to walk upon the Earth as observers (and *only* as observers, no angel was meant to take action beyond masquerading as mortals and speaking as such) knew more secrets that the Earth held than many angels.

Such as the location of the Messenger Gabriel.

Jeeves had said he'd send a messenger, hadn't he?

It wasn't far to a penthouse in some posh hotel, and it wasn't long before Gabriel banished his illusions, joined him by the window and held out a soda can.

Jeeves took it. "Thank you, Gabriel," He said quietly, and opened the can. It was flavored cherry cola. He rather despised that flavor and Gabriel knew it, but Jeeves downed it in one long swig and looked at Gabriel.

Gabriel eyed him and sighed. "What do you want now?"

Negotiations went rather smoothly after that.

No one believed Jeeves when he claimed that the Winchesters had escaped his observations. At least, no one believed that he hadn't helped with hiding them.

But he hadn't *done* anything provable, and no matter how much Zachariah fumed, Jeeves was allowed to return to his regular duties.

(Castiel once found him and thanked him for his help. Jeeves' only response was 'what help?' and Castiel thanked him once again.)